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## A VISIT TO BERMUDA.

A FEW years ago, an advertisement appeared in the Nova Scotian newspapers offering to take passengers to Bermuda in a first-class steamship for fifteen dollars each. It now being the fall of the year, and we wishing to escape for once from the rigours of a Canadian winter, my mother and I seized upon this, as we thought, happy opportunity of going comfortably and cheaply to our native though long unvisited land. Reaching Yarmouth (Nova Scotia), whence we were to sail, we found that our vessel was small and not quite finished. She had figured for four years as a coal-barge; fifteen feet had now been added to her height—giving her a delightful roll—and various embellishments and conveniences made to her accommodation, all of which did not disguise the fact, that she was utterly unsuited to her proposed voyage. In Yarmouth, she was generally known as 'the Coffin,' in cheerful reference to the anticipated fate of her passengers and crew. However, we were in for it now, and started on our journey not without sad forebodings.

I think I never felt so amiably disposed toward any stranger as toward the huge black man who, at the end of our dreary voyage, came aboard our vessel, to pilot us to our desired haven in Bermuda—the largest of the islands, and the one of the group which gives name to the whole. He had been on the look-out for us for days, and had almost given us up for lost. The Bermudian pilots form a class of special interest. They are generally negroes, keen-sighted, active, powerful men, intelligent, and thoroughly acquainted with the treacherous reefs and shallows of their native coast. The law regulates their wages at from three to nine pounds sterling for bringing a vessel in from sea; one-fourth less for taking one out; and ten shillings a day when otherwise engaged. As it is impossible for any vessel to make her way unassisted into or out of the Bermuda islands, these pilots find the fees which they collect from the vessels, numbering one hundred and

fifty or so, that annually visit Bermuda, a comfortable addition to their living as farmers or fishermen.

What is called the main land of Bermuda is twenty-seven miles long, and at the widest part a mile and a half broad. Of what value, it may be asked, is this little estate in the ocean to England? Its importance consists in being a convenient place where distressed ships, especially ships of war, can be refitted and supplied with various kinds of stores. The floating dock which was built on the Clyde for Bermuda, is celebrated. Ships are floated into it for repair. Bermuda is also the winter station of the North American and West Indian fleet.

The harbour entrances here have of late years been considerably widened and improved; yet the narrow and difficult passages by which we approached Hamilton, made it at once evident to us why Juan Bermudez, sighting the islands in 1503, declined to sail nearer than was necessary to enable him to describe his discovery and take his ship away with whole ribs. The islands, geologically speaking, are believed to be in a state of subsidence and not of elevation, and investigation confirms the belief. In dredging a basin at Ireland Island for the reception of the floating dock, at forty-two feet below low-water mark was found a bed of red clay similar to the present surface-soil, with remains of cedar-wood and land fossils imbedded. Similar discoveries have been made at a less depth in other localities; and at Shelly Bay an old road can still be seen deep under water.

The approach to the islands is exceedingly lovely. To those who know the Thousand Islands in the St Lawrence, the Bermudas will seem quite familiar, so strong is the resemblance. The first beauty that attracts the eye is the wonderful colour and clearness of the sea, like beryl, emerald, and sapphire sparkling on a silvery bed. Next, you are struck by the peculiar and beautiful appearance given to the landscape by the snowy whiteness of the square-roofed buildings—forts, barracks, churches, and houses,

gleaming like snow among the dusky sage-green foliage of the cedar. About three hundred isles and islets lay before us, only one hundred and eighty of which are recognised by government survey, and but four of any importance whatever. Three of these, Ireland Island, The Main Land, and St George's, are connected by bridges, and a magnificent causeway about half a mile long, which cost thirty-two thousand pounds. These connected islands are in the form of a horseshoe—St George's being at one end, the dockyard at the other, and Hamilton not far from the middle of the circumference of the shoe. The town of St George's looks pretty from the sea; but ashore, it is found to be small and crowded, and the streets mere lanes.

We landed at last in Hamilton, the seat of government, and a military station besides. Seen from the harbour, Hamilton is charming, lying nestled in the lap of hills clothed in dusky cedar, and crowned with forts; its principal streets shaded with spreading Pride-of-India trees, and its pretty white houses embowered in a wealth of foliage impossible to describe; oleanders, bright with blossoms, growing everywhere; lime, lemon, and orange trees gleaming with golden fruit in the gardens; and here and there a palm-tree rising in stately magnificence above all competitors. Ashore, I was not particularly impressed by any novelty except the rush-hats trimmed with white puggarees, worn by the men and boys; and the gay bandana handkerchief turbans adorning the heads of the coloured women. There is no local style of costume—commercial proximity to New York forbids that—and no obtrusive national characteristic but the particularly unpleasant nasal drawing speech of the lower and middle classes.

There was a great bustle along the wharfs and in the large, open, iron-roofed sheds which line the water-street, and serve as storehouses for the perishable produce brought to town when a vessel is loading. The vessels arriving generally bring supplies, and, owing to the perishable nature of their return cargo, make all haste to discharge and load again in the shortest possible time. Then, and then only, are the Bermudians, their negroes and donkeys, excited and in a hurry; then they work night and day, shipping potatoes, tomatoes, beets, bananas, onions, arrow-root, and other produce. They have a steamer from New York once a fortnight all the year round, and during the crop season, from April to June once a week. The value of these exports ranges from thirty to seventy-five thousand pounds yearly.

The soil of Bermuda is shallow, and not naturally productive; but being well manured, it produces very good crops of onions, potatoes, tomatoes, and other early spring vegetables, which receive a ready welcome in New York at the time of year when vegetables are scarce. Five or six species of palm grow well, the mountain cabbage-palms waving their beautiful feathery tops at a height of sixty feet, and measuring eight feet in circumference. The Avocado pear is a magnificent tree; so is the almond, and the one mahogany tree in the island; but the rubber-tree excels them all, both for size and the brilliant glossy greenness of its foliage. The finest one is forty-five feet high, twelve feet in circumference, and

shades seventy feet of ground. Roses are continually in bloom; and in spring-time, lilies grow everywhere, wonderful for size, fragrance, beauty, and variety. Jessamine, yellow and white, and orange-blossoms, always perfume the air. Geraniums and cactuses grow almost unheeded, except the night-blooming cereus, which is properly prized. It opens its lovely flowers, as big as a saucer, thirty and forty at one time, at about four or five in the afternoon. The flaming beauty of the ponsettia or 'burning-bush,' with its intensely scarlet terminal leaves, cannot be described; nor the soft beauty of the purple convolvulus. Even tea, coffee, and tobacco grow here; but only a few specimen plants are cultivated as curiosities. Oleanders, with their pretty pink, and white, and rose-coloured blossoms, are considered by farmers a nuisance. A distinctive feature is given to the landscape by the bananas and plantains waving their dark green leaves. Then there are the glossy and brilliant green of the orange and lemon trees; the palmettos, looking like bunches of fans with fringed edges; and the sharp-pointed leaves of the Spanish bayonet. Picture a Bermuda sky, more charming than the skies of Italy; a Bermuda sea, lovelier than any on earth; and Bermuda birds, especially the cardinal or Virginian nightingale, and the brilliant blue-bird, flashing like living jewels among the varied foliage, and you have a scene that cannot be surpassed.

In Bermuda the commissariat department is very imperfect. Grapes, for instance, are rather sour and scarce, being sold at a shilling per pound weight, though better kinds are now being grown for the American market. Bermuda bananas are good; but few are grown, and sell there at a penny a piece—dearer than in New York. Oranges, limes, lemons, pomegranates, Surinam cherries, grape-fruit, and many others, grow almost for the planting. Bermuda was formerly celebrated for oranges; but these and other kinds of fruit-trees have now been replaced by the less picturesque but more profitable onion! Tamarinds ripen, but are not cultivated. Melons, cucumbers, squashes, and all manner of choice vegetables, will thrive anywhere, but are seldom in the market. With all dainties of the earth at command, the Bermudians live far more scantily than do less favoured northerners. They have a fixed idea concerning potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and arrow-root, and appear unable to conceive or entertain any other. In flesh-meat the Bermuda market offers imported beef at a shilling a pound; native pork and poultry at eightpence and a shilling per pound. The poultry are not very good, having a tendency to become tall and thin—to go altogether into legs. Although Bermuda is by nature one of the most favoured spots in the world, it is also one of the poorest places to live in, on account of its wretched market. Clothing is dear, if the inferiority of its quality is considered; and the trifles of existence sell at the most absurd prices imaginable. The business of whale-catching was once actively pursued, though it has now almost ceased. We have seen at the same time as many as four whales spouting off the coast.

Ignorance amongst the coloured population, and intemperance amongst the lower orders of the

white people, are the bane of this fair spot. The population is fourteen thousand; their revenue from all sources over thirty thousand pounds, and of this nearly thirteen thousand pounds is duty collected on wines, spirits, and malt liquors. Rather more than a third is collected on all necessities of life. There are a sufficient number of churches, and church-going is the fashion; but the coloured population, with much religiosity, or religious sentiment, are deficient in practical religion. Education is in an unsatisfactory condition, though it is being improved. A practical difficulty is the dislike of the whites to have their children taught at the same schools as the coloured children.

The climate of Bermuda is trying, but upon the whole good. It is sufficiently bracing in winter to make warm clothing necessary, but seldom cold enough for a fire. Few of the houses have grates or stoves in the parlours, and on chilly days, if kept indoors, one misses the cheery glow of the fire. The winter season is more like the Indian summer of America than anything else. When the south wind blows, man and beast are depressed. Horses trip, and their riders scarcely care to keep them on their legs. You go to bed in good spirits, and awake feeling like a washed-out rag. What is the matter? During the night, the wind has gone from north to south. You care for nothing and nobody. If enough energy be left to complain, you say with the æsthetes: 'Hollow! hollow! hollow! I despair droopingly. I am limp.' The dampness is another disagreeable feature. Boots and shoes and kid gloves, and everything that will mould, are ruined if not constantly worn or watched. Mould and cockroaches are great enemies to books, destroying their bindings very quickly. Ants and other insects are also trying to Europeans at certain seasons.

People in this mild and equable climate live to a great age. I saw several old men between eighty and ninety years old daily parading the streets quite as a matter of course. I also knew of numbers of very old people who were unable to walk out, but were in good health, and in perfect possession of all their mental, and most of their physical faculties. The people in general are healthy. It is a great mistake to suppose that yellow-fever has a home in Bermuda. It has been there several times, but on each occasion it originated from infection from outside.

It is probable that the good health of the Bermudians is largely due to their use of rain-water for all purposes, no other being available. In all the islands, there is neither lake nor rivulet. The rain is collected in large cemented tanks, built under the houses. Every roof has to do duty in collecting water for man and beast; and on the hill-sides you will see large spaces laid with stone, cemented and edged, from which the rain-water runs into large tanks lying below. These are generally built for some special purpose, as for barrack supplies or washing establishments.

One is surprised to see so little land under cultivation, cedar clothing the hills, with an occasional fiddle-wood and calabash tree, and oleander, tamarisk, and mangrove skirting the marsh-lands everywhere. Of the twelve thousand acres of land in the largest islands, less

than a third are in tillage and grass, the rest remaining in wood, marsh, and natural pasture. The fact, however, that most of the land is rocky, or very thinly covered with earth, accounts to a large extent for this apparently neglected state of cultivation.

The comparative absence of the smaller forms of animal life in Bermuda renders solitary walking an insupportable loneliness. In the sombre cedar woods, no bright-eyed squirrel sits aloft, and relieves the dreariness by his chattering and scampering; no song-birds, such as there are in England, fill the air with melody. Innumerable ants noiselessly pursue their endless labours; and no sound breaks the silence but an occasional chirp from a cricket or grasshopper, the hum of the cicada, and the occasional whirring wings of some silent bird. But when tired of quiet woods and gardens, the visitor in Bermuda will find much that is interesting on the sea-shores. The beaches are lovely, white as snow, and abounding in shells, no less than two hundred and sixty-nine varieties being found in this little isle. The seaweeds are wonderfully delicate and beautiful, and fish in endless variety swarm in the waters.

The government of Bermuda consists of a Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. The questions in debate are seldom of great importance, and the law-making is singularly cautious and tentative. New laws are put on their trial for a certain time before being finally approved. It is quite a gay place in winter, chiefly from the presence of vessels of war. The flag-ship gives dances on board; and the military officers stationed on the island get up paper chases on horseback, and other amusements. Still, life at Bermuda is rather dull, and not unlike that which is spent on board ship. You meet the same people every day and almost every hour. News comes but once a fortnight. No wonder that much gossip is talked, and monstrous inventions—called 'shaves'—are retailed which could have no possible foundation. Bermuda, though having certain advantages, is, on the whole, too far removed from the world's business and bustle—from telephones and telegraphs.

## VALENTINE STRANGE.

### A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—'I MUST GIVE MYSELF WHAT LAW I CAN.'

THERE was a triumph in Garling's heart, though it had to share its throne with fear. He had fought against the world single-handed, and he was winning. Most crimes spring from egotism; and Garling's egotism was too great to leave the rest of the world the barest elbow-room. In his self-centred lonely life, this many a year, he had schooled himself thoroughly in that creed of Number One, which never needed teaching, and yet is taught so widely. You and I, who go about diffusing our sympathies on other people, miss the selfish, lonely raptures which warm the heart of the true egotist. He is not merely Gulliver in a Lilliput, to his own feeling, but he is so without the shadow of a reason; for

egotism and vanity may be, and often are, as separate as the Poles; and he knows himself no taller, no wittier, no wiser, no handsomer, than the rest of mankind; but he is *I*, and that stupendous fact raises him until his forehead strikes the stars. He is the central fact of the universe. Round him, men and circumstances revolve, ministering to *his* comfort, or afflicting *his* bones. If Nature raises a tornado, it is on purpose to wreck *his* paper-boat in a gutter. Should a trampled people, after long centuries of groaning, rise, and tear the oppressor from his place of power, it is to depreciate the value of *his* shares in the market. If anything affect him not, it is nothing, though it wreck or build a world. And when a man thus armed as in triple brass against the woes of others and their joys, is cursed with the good gift of brains, he may scourge a continent like the great Bonaparte; or wreck a business firm or so, and break a trusting heart or two, like Garling.

Mary's life had been on the whole so dull, that a little sunshine went a long way with her. Her father's unexpected yielding had let in so broad and warm a gleam upon her darkened life, that in the few hours that passed between his going and his coming, the girl's heart had opened like a flower. When he returned that night, sunk deep in his own secrecy, and a world's width away from her in his desert egotism, she gave him a shy and tender welcome, and fluttered about him with shy and tender ways. His heart had no door for her, and her poor little attentions stung him. He bade her go to bed; and when she obeyed him, he kept his place with folded arms by the dull fire, and hugged himself, and worshipped his own triumph. Suddenly, as if a peal of thunder had broken in on music, one thought crashed through him, and brought him to his feet. What if his employer had heard the talk in his room that afternoon! Amazing, that he had never thought of that before. It was enough—had he heard it—to arouse Suspicion—though Trust had drugged her dead! Then fear took hold of him, and terror encompassed him. But he was not a man to be cowed, and could face even the phantoms from his own abysses; and his stout courage had beaten down his fears long before his nerves had ceased to twitch and tremble at them. In these matters the soul is like the wind, and the body like the sea. A child, chidden for a fault, falls asleep crying, and his pure mind runs into pure dreams, and his little heart is glad; but however the wind has fallen, the sea still heaves. You may hear him sobbing, though he smiles in his dream. And this elderly scoundrel's nerves still twitched and trembled, though his heart had grown stout again.

'If I am caught at last,' he said, 'and lose the game I have played for, what do I lose? The game, and only the game. Credit and liberty are mine still, and I am as well-to-do as honesty could have made me. There lies a quarter of a million safely housed in the Bank at Madrid, and accessible to me only. I am caught? Well and good. "Let me go again, if you please, or, though you hang and quarter me, you touch none of your money." Like other men, I have dreamed my dream, and I waken. Dream? It is no dream! What time remains for detection? I

can be away at any hour. Why stay at all? Why stay?'

He took a Bradshaw from the table, and studied it. There was a night-train set down there, leaving Waterloo Station for Southampton at half-past nine o'clock. A steam-packet for Cadiz, calling at Corunna, was set down for the ninth and twenty-fourth of each month. This was the twenty-second. He decided in a flash. Whatever pretence of business was to be done to-morrow at the office, he would do, and be away by that night-train. So then, at last, the time was here; looked forward to for years, and terrible now it came. As he sat beside the fire, he could see the office going on for an hour or two, even a day or two without him—everybody going on in the old routine; and then, scared and astonished faces, whisperings, fears, amazement, the principals summoned; a meeting with the Bank manager, everybody present grave and pale—and then, the crash, and he on the seas far out of reach, or safely housed at Madrid.

'Let me see,' he mused again, 'I must give myself what law I can.' He sat at the table, and wrote on the firm's paper one letter, running thus:

#### MEMORANDUM.

TO MESSRS HUTCHINSON & Co., Liverpool.

Kindly read inclosed, and if it suit your views, indorse, and forward to Parrivacini & Co., Buenos Ayres.

Then, on plain letter-paper, he wrote, dating from his own chambers:

SIR—Pray, excuse my absence for a day. I am called away by private business of an urgent and particular nature.—Yours respectfully,  
E. GARLING.

This epistle was intended for Mr Lumby, at the offices of the firm. He inclosed it in an addressed envelope, which he stamped, and left open. Then putting both it and the memorandum in another envelope, he addressed it to Messrs Hutchinson & Co. of Liverpool, and posted it at once with his own hand.

'Lawson will open it,' said Garling with a chuckle, as he turned homewards again, 'and thinking he sees a blunder, will post the inclosure at once. It will reach London, bearing the Liverpool post-mark, on Wednesday morning. If by that time there should be any suspicion, the post-mark will send them to Liverpool, whilst I am at the other end of the country.' Lawson was the manager of the firm to which this ingenious blind was addressed; and so excited was Garling's imagination at this time, that to think of Lawson was to see him seated in his own room, smiling gravely at the supposed blunder by which the wrong letter had been inclosed to him. The inclosure was not in Garling's usual neat and trim caligraphy, but was written at headlong speed, to look hasty and flurried. 'If it gives me but the day's law, it will serve my turn,' said the cashier as he stood before his dying fire again. The night was late by this time, and the tide of life in the City's streets ran low. He sat for awhile listening to the fainter tones of traffic, and busy with the trifles of his scheme. The railway station with its hurrying crowds, its gleam of light and gloom



of shadow, the guard's lamp waving, the train moving. The packet with its deck aswarm with life, the signal given, the hand-shakings and embraces; the ship in motion on dark waters, the lights of the town twinkling lower and lower, the long rolling of the open sea. He saw these things as he sat there. It was vain to strive to sleep, so he heaped on more coals, and sat out the night, busy with trifles all the time. The night wore by, and the dawn looked in miserably, and after a time, Garling heard the step of the laundress on the stairs, and retreated to his bedroom, where he bathed and shaved and dressed, emerging a little paler than ordinary, but not much. At the usual time, he went to the offices and to his own room there. The common routine of business done, he inspected the enormous ledgers which lined the room, mechanically pursuing the precaution of the previous night, whilst in his heart he laughed at it. But it weakened his knees beneath him to see that from one of those volumes the dust so carefully strewn had vanished. It was but a child's precaution, and yet it had discovered something.

'No creature has the keys but him and me,' said the cashier in a hoarse inward murmur. 'Is the hunt afoot already? Was that fool overheard here, after all?' And for all his courage, a cold perspiration burst out upon his forehead. But no man guessed his troubles, and no man watched his movements as he went in and out. He walked to his bankers. 'Why should I finesse and wait?' he asked himself, and went calmly in and demanded to see the manager, by whom he was received with marked respect. 'Do you know,' asked Garling, closeted with the manager, 'what people are saying about your affairs here?' The stroke he was prepared for was insolent in its audacity.

'What are they saying?' asked the manager in surprise.

'You will learn soon enough,' answered Garling. 'I am getting nervous, perhaps; but I have the savings of my lifetime here, and I can't afford to risk them. I want to close my account.'

The manager looked thunderstruck, and assured him that if any damaging rumours were afloat, they were utterly unfounded.

'Perhaps I am nervous,' said Garling; 'but I will close my account, if you please.'

The official demurred. It was not courteous or business-like. Fears were preposterous.

'I will close my account, if you please,' reiterated Garling. 'Or,' he added, 'I too may have occasion to spread the rumours.'

'Then by all means withdraw your balance,' said the manager, half wrathful, half amazed; and Garling received his money—five or six thousand pounds—his own, honestly his own every penny of it—put it, mostly in Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds apiece, into a black leather satchel, and went his way. 'I have shut his mouth,' thought the cashier with his own smile.

He went home, and found his daughter there, sewing. 'Mary,' he said, with placid gravity, 'I have a piece of good news for you.'—She looked at him silently, with a half-smile. She was beginning to think he meant kindly by her.—'I have found a place for Mr Search. It is in

Southampton. Will you come there with me to-night? I want to take a house for him, and give him a surprise when he comes down to his new situation.'

And this was the man she had thought so cruel! She would have overwhelmed him by her thanks; but he stopped her. 'You will know better in a day or two for what you have to thank me,' he said, meaning it quite truly, though the words carried a different sense to the speaker and the hearer. Then, locking his precious bag in his own room, he told her to have all things packed and ready by nine o'clock; and she having promised, he went to the offices again and bided his time. Cold and hard, and grimly self-possessed as he looked, he suffered torments of suspense and dread. But he bided his time, and got through his routine, and finally went his way, leaving the mine to explode and the House which had nourished him to fall in ruins. And there was not a touch of ruth, or pity, or repentance in him. At nine o'clock, he had a four-wheeled cab at his door, and the start was made in ample time. Familiar Fleet Street rumbled past him. He would never tread its pavement any more, but there would be rare talk of him there in a day or two. Let them talk—whoever chose! He had a quarter of a million sterling out in Spain, and he could afford to be talked of. Waterloo Road. The bridge with the river flowing dark below it. The station with its hurrying crowds. He had seen them all last night, in fancy so vivid they had all seemed real. He saw them in reality now, and they all seemed like a dream. Mary was already seated in the railway carriage, and he was standing at the door with the black bag in his hand. Except for his daughter, the carriage was untenanted, and he laid the bag on the seat, and for one moment looked round, asking dimly if this were really a farewell to London. The guard's lamp waved, the whistle sounded, and Garling's foot was on the step of the carriage, when a hand with a grip of iron took him by the arm.

'One word with you before you go, Garling.'

The cashier's head turned more like that of an automaton than of a living creature.

'Are you going?' cried the guard.

'No!' shouted Lumby, with his grasp tightening on Garling's arm. The two men—defrauder and defrauded—looked each other in the eyes. One read guilt, and the other suspicion bursting into certainty. The train started.

#### CONCERNING BOOK TITLES.

To most people it would seem an easy task for an author, after completing his work, to add to it a title that should clearly indicate the contents of the book. But only publishers and those connected with literature have any idea of the amount of time and trouble that is expended in the search for good titles.

Many authors cannot write in comfort until their title has been decided upon. Charles Dickens, after some days' deliberation, selected *The Chimes* as the title of one of his Christmas books, and we find him writing to a friend at this time: 'It's a great thing to have my title, and see my way how to work the bells.' Again, in 1859, he writes: 'My

determination to settle the title arises out of my knowledge that I shall never be able to do anything for the work until it has a fixed name; also out of my observation that the same odd feeling affects everybody else.' All his titles were carefully thought out, lists of such as seemed suitable being submitted to his friend Forster for approval. Before the title of *The Tale of Two Cities* was finally determined, the following suggested themselves: Buried Alive, One of these Days, The Thread of Gold, The Doctor of Beauvais, Time, The Leaves of the Forest, Scattered Leaves, The Great Wheel, Round and Round, The Tale of Two Cities, Old Leaves, Long Ago, Far Apart, Fallen Leaves, Five and Twenty Years, Years and Years, Day After Day, Felled Trees, Memory Carton, Rolling Stones, and Two Generations—no less than twenty-one different forms. *Hard Times* was chosen from the following list of fourteen: According to Cocker, Prove It, Stubborn Things, Mr Gradgrind's Facts, The Grindstone, Hard Times, Two and Two are Four, Something Tangible, Our Hard-headed Friend, Rust and Dust, Simple Arithmetic, A Matter of Calculation, A Mere Question of Figures, The Gradgrind Philosophy.

Unfortunately, all writers are not so careful in their choice of names, and titles are occasionally adopted which, instead of explaining the nature of the book, serve only to mislead the buyer. Mr Ruskin, who is noted for such unintelligible titles as *Fors Clavigera* and *Sesame and Lilies*, issued a theological discourse under the name of *A Treatise on Sheepfolds*, thus leading astray many librarians and indexers, as well as unsuspecting farmers and shepherds. The *Diversions of Purley*, at the time of its publication, was ordered by a village book-club, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games. The *Essay on Irish Bulls* was another work which was thought by some folks to deal with live-stock. *Moths*, a novel by Ouida, has been asked for under the impression that it was an entomological work, and Charles Kingsley's *Yeast* by those in search of information on the *Torula cerevisiæ* or yeast-plant. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* was sold largely to seafaring men, who concluded from the name that it had some relation to nautical matters. Coleridge himself says: 'It is somewhat singular that the name of another and larger book of Mr Wordsworth's should also owe its circulation to a misconception of the title. It has been my fortune to have met with *The Excursion* at a great number of inns and boarding-houses in picturesque scenes—in places where parties go for excursions; and upon inquiry how it happened that so expensive a book was purchased, when an old Universal Magazine, an Athenian Oracle, or, at best, one of the Bridge-water Treatises, would do as well to send the guest to sleep, I was given to understand in those separate places that they were left by parties who had finished their material excursion, but, alas for their taste, had left their poetic *Excursion* untouched—uncut even, beyond the story of Margaret.'

The title of a book has often a curious history. First suggested by an author, it is very often altered by the publisher. There are many reasons for this. The publisher is thinking of a title that will sound well and take well with the book-

buyers; the author, of one that will be as appropriate to his subject as possible. There is another matter to be considered. Should a title be chosen which is already in use, the publisher may be called upon to alter it, even after his book is printed and bound. This is both troublesome and expensive. Yet, take what care he may, he may still fall into this error. Nor is this astonishing, when we consider the number of new books and new editions. In the year 1880 we had five thousand seven hundred and eight; in 1881 they numbered five thousand four hundred and six. There is no ultimate method of ascertaining with certainty that a title has not been already used; but the records of current literature may be consulted. We have the admirable *English Catalogue* of books, issued by Sampson Low since 1835; Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, with its index to thirty-five thousand works; the register of Stationers' Hall, and the British Museum Catalogues. Although not compulsory, yet, for the sake of evidence in confirming claims to the copyright of a book, it is necessary to have the titles of new works registered at Stationers' Hall, for which a fee of five shillings is charged.

Numerous instances could be cited of the author deferring to the wish of the publisher in the matter of a title. The gifted authoress of *Adam Bede* wrote the greater part of a long novel under the title of 'Sister Maggie'; but she readily changed this, at the wish of her publisher, to *The Mill on the Floss*. Archibald Constable suggested to Scott the title for his famous novel of *Rob Roy*. It is amusing to read Cadell's account of how the great publisher stalked up and down his room, muttering to himself, 'I am almost the author of the Waverley Novels,' when he had carried the day as to the title of a new novel, which was to be *Kenilworth* instead of 'Cumnor Hall.'

Again, many books are issued without an author's name, or under an assumed name. Whoever gives us a key to the many thousands of books which fall into this class, is worthy of our respect and gratitude. The late Samuel Halkett, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, left a most important work in this department, which he had had in progress for about twenty years, in an unfinished state, entitled, *A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain*. It was taken up, after Mr Halkett's death, by the Rev. John Laing; but he likewise did not survive to see its publication. The first volume was issued last year, and the remaining volumes are at present being rapidly pushed through the press under careful supervision. It will without doubt prove a standard work of reference, and the most important British work on the subject. An English gentleman calling himself Olphar Hamst (Ralph Thomas) has been engaged on a work of the same kind as that just mentioned, but more limited in scope, being a *Handbook of Fictitious Names of Authors of the Nineteenth Century*. In the course of his researches, he was puzzled to discover the real authorship of about one hundred and fifty books, each purporting to be written by 'A Lady.' All his efforts to pierce the veil of the anonymous being fruitless, he has ventilated his grievance by publishing a list of these books, under the title

of *Aggravating Ladies*. In this way he hopes to get further information on the subject.

The author of *Aggravating Ladies* has some sensible remarks about indexes. A good index is indispensable in every work of importance, and this matter is now so well understood, that it is usually very carefully attended to. In the printing account of the United States government for 1880, an item of seventeen hundred pounds was set down as paid for the compilation of an index for the Congress Reports. The British Parliament in 1778 paid twelve thousand nine hundred pounds for compiling indexes to the Journals of the House of Commons. A concordance to any great author is equally valuable as a work of reference. At one time, the Bible was the only book to which there was a concordance; Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson have now each been provided with one.

Olphar Hamst in his little book also throws out some useful hints as to the best methods of cataloguing books. The style and practice vary greatly in different libraries. It is well for rapid consultation that each work should be entered, not only under the author's name, but under the subject title, be it simple or compound.

It may be mentioned by the way that there are five libraries in the United Kingdom which are entitled, under the Copyright Act, to a copy of every new book as it appears. These are—the British Museum; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the University Library, Cambridge; the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and Trinity College Library, Dublin. When it is remembered that, for each of the past two years, the number of new books published (exclusive of new editions) has amounted to some thousands, it is evident that the work of cataloguing must be continually carried on in those libraries that either purchase or receive new books. Certain American publishers have adopted an idea of some utility to librarians. Three or four copies of the title of a book are printed on the fly-leaf of the volume at the beginning, which copies can be readily clipped out and used as required. This saves transcription, as well as the danger of error in transcribing.

Amusing blunders occasionally happen in the citation of book titles. We have heard of a lady who wished to possess a copy of the late Dr John Brown's delightful *Horse Subseiva* ('Hours of Leisure'); but not having caught the title accurately, or failing to understand it, she ordered from her bookseller 'Dr John Brown's *Horrors of Society*.' Even booksellers have been known to get 'mixed' in the matter of titles and authors; as seems to have been the case with the one who advertised for sale, 'Mill on *Representative Government*'; ditto, on *the Floss*. Titles are likewise not unfrequently treated in a very fragmentary and mutilated form. The late Rev. Dr Guthrie was not a little amused, when calling on his publisher, to hear a bookseller's boy shout out in his hearing for 'two dozen of Dr Guthrie's *Sins*.' The full title, of course, was *The City: Its Sins and Sorrows*. There is no harm in such abbreviations in ordinary conversation, or in buying and selling; but it is another matter when we come to record the title of a book in the catalogue of a public or private library. There, at least we expect fullness and completeness. Some accurate system

must also be adopted which will prevent the recurrence of such an odd entry as, 'Herself—The Memoirs of a Lady, by,' which Querard, the French bibliographer, found, much to his amusement, in the catalogue of a well-known French library. It is here the bibliographer can be of use, in order to reduce to system, and describe correctly, the various departments and subdivisions of literature. Research is thus rendered easier, and the student saved trouble and annoyance. French literature is peculiarly rich in works of this kind; and although England is still in the background in this respect, the reproach has been somewhat removed of late by the publication of such excellent bibliographies as Mr Shepherd has given us of Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and Ruskin. This, unfortunately, is not a paying branch of literary work, and those who devote themselves to it require great enthusiasm and patience, wide and accurate scholarship, with the necessary leisure and opportunity for its execution.

The titles of magazines are a study in themselves; and while there is a dash of novelty about the names of some of the new-comers, many of the old and standard favourites still retain the name of the publishing house from which they first emanated. To change the title of a magazine means very often to kill it. The larger proportion of our popular literature and our best novels first find their way to the public through the pages of a magazine. The accumulated mass of material thus given to the public in a single year is very great, and any help in the unlocking of its treasures is of importance. Mr W. F. Poole, a well-known American librarian, made an attempt in this direction when he issued his *Index to Periodical Literature* in 1853, of which a new edition, very much enlarged, is now in progress, and in the preparation of which many British librarians have generously assisted, each taking in hand certain periodicals, and so dividing the labour.

The competition of modern times, arising from what we have above referred to, namely, the great number of books issued, necessitates the use of titles that shall be striking and attractive. As examples of these 'catchy' titles we may name Miss Braddon's *Dead Sea Fruit*, *Dead Men's Shoes*, *To the Bitter End*, *The Trail of the Serpent*; also Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story*, *Night and Morning*, and *What Will He Do With It?* A glance at any railway book-stall will supply other examples by the score.

Brevity seems to be a necessary quality for a good title, and herein lies one striking difference between modern titles and those of a couple of hundred years ago. The same fondness for contrast and alliteration—often carried to an inordinate extent—may be observed in these old titles, but their length is generally much beyond our modern limits. Here are a few from the days of Cromwell: 'A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation;' 'A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;' 'High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;' 'Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;' 'The Shop of the



Spiritual Apothecary ;' and a fitting companion to it, 'Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit.' In 1683 was published, 'Hæc et Hic, or the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the biting Sarcasms wherewith they are daily aspersed by the Virulent Tongues and Pens of Malevolent Men;' and in 1749, 'A History of Filchum Cantum, or a Merry Dialogue between Apollo, Foolish Harry, Silly Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a Spider Killer, a Jack-ass, and the Sonorous Guns of Ludgate.'

Alliteration is still a favourite device for securing an attractive and harmonious title; but our literary ancestors seem to have revelled in its delights, scattering their 'similar sounds' with a liberal hand. Take the following: 'Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handfull of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and pithy Ditties now newly augmented;' 'A Plante of Pleasure and Grove of Graces;' 'A Delicate Diet for Daintie Drunkards' (1576); 'Diet's Dry Dinner' (1599); and the famous little seventeenth-century bit of historical satire, 'The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet.'

Although, to the uninitiated, it may seem that the title of a book is not of very great importance, and that a work of merit will meet with suitable recognition under whatever name it may be issued, it is a fact that the sale of many books depends to a great extent on the attractiveness of their titles. An example of this is seen in the case of *The Old English Baron*, a novel which ran through several editions, although, when previously published as *The Champion of Virtue*, it was found unsaleable.

## OUR FRENCH PROFESSOR.

### CHAPTER II.

As the Frenchman grew into favour and waxed brighter from day to day, I sank into dimness and obscurity. His great fervour, like that of the sun, put out weaker fires. A few days after his arrival, my violin became mute, and Emily and I only met at meal-times. Our duetting had been stopped by an insidious pleasantry. One evening almost all the household were gathered together in the drawing-room to hear me play some of my favourite solos. De Montgris had requested me to favour him with a proof of my powers. He sat at some distance from the piano, in the midst of a group of boys. Several pieces were played, and he complimented Emily and me in hyperbolic terms. I came to the last item of my programme, which was a variation upon *La ci darem*, a delicate embroidering of Mozart's lovely air. It was the composition of my old master Golfi, and he had taught me to play it well. Conscious of my ability, and wishing to show the Frenchman that he did not possess all the talent in the house, I threw my whole soul into the performance. Emily was rather nervous, and struck two or three false chords, which edged my teeth and infected me with some-

thing of her own trepidation. However, I went on pretty steadily until I came to a quaint minor episode. This never failed to excite in me the most delightful sensations. When half through, a suppressed burst of laughter came like a blow upon my ear. I almost stopped. My indignation was roused to the utmost; for I saw at a glance that this merriment was due to some act or grimace of De Montgris. I stopped playing; and could not help asking the French master if he were the cause of this rudeness on the part of the boys.

He made a queer grimace to the boys, which set them laughing again; then, with the semblance of the frankest *bonhomie*, confessed that his conduct was unpardonable. He finished by saying: 'If Mr Bevan was not so peaceful as a Quaker'—which he pronounced Quak-ker—'I might expect him to demand satisfaction at the sword's point. He may be a *brave garçon*, as we say in France, but I doubt if he has much *courage*. He fights well, however, with a fiddle-stick; and *chacun à son goût*.' The philanthropic shrug which terminated this impertinence was more than I could bear, and I rose and walked out of the room.

Thus ended our musical evenings.

The next morning, when De Montgris was taking his early walk—he rose always at five o'clock—I met him with a set determination. 'Monsieur,' I said, standing before him on the garden-path, 'you are an impudent scoundrel!'

He stepped back and glared at me. 'What do you mean, boy?' he cried, waving his arms about menacingly.

'I mean to teach you good manners,' I continued, measuring every word.

'I will whip you like a poodle dog,' he roared, rushing up to me with uplifted arm.

In the twinkling of an eye, I had struck at him, and he was rolling on the grass-plot. He seemed to rebound rather than get up, and was upon me like a wolf, hitting, tearing, and pulling at me madly. He was very strong, and had he been cooler, might have done me a mischief.

I bent under him, and twisted my foot between his, and then made a sudden lurch forward, throwing him heavily upon the gravel-walk and falling upon him. The back of his head crashed as if it had been made of metal. I got up; but he lay still. I stood over him till he opened his eyes, which he soon did. After half a minute, he looked at me with such unhidden hatred as ferocious animals display. 'I shall kill you for this!' he muttered.

'Pshaw!' I said scornfully; 'bestow your Gascon threats upon those who fear you. I despise you, because I see through your artifices.'

'You will meet me this evening?' he cried limping towards me. 'Choose your weapon.'

'I fight only with one.'

'What is that?' he demanded eagerly.

'This,' stretching out my fist.

'Brute, animal, *sauvage*! Do you think I shall accept your mode of combat?'

'Yes, Monsieur.'

'No! I will pistol you, dog! either face to face



or otherwise!' He was so agitated with pain, passion, and mortification, that he almost fainted while speaking. He reeled to a tree.

'I do not fear you, Monsieur, even if you are an assassin.'

My random words caused a marvellous change in his looks. The rage-fire went out of his eyes; he turned his head towards the house anxiously, then stared at me as if I had been a stranger.

'I am ill,' he whispered after a pause. 'We shall meet again.'

'When and where you please,' I said, turning away.

I heard him walk slowly in the direction of the house. I was too excited to go in; and as no one was about at that early hour, I began to move round the garden at a rapid pace. My trot became a run; and it was only when the perspiration streamed from every pore, that I began to grow calm. Never had I spent such a wretched night and stormy morning. Muscular fatigue alone could appease the nervous agony which beset me.

At length I went towards the side-door used by the servants; for De Montgris had for some reason shut the front-door. As I passed the spot where we had fought, I saw under a holly-bush a piece of paper like the fragment of a letter. I picked it up, and noticed it was in French. The first few words so aroused my curiosity, that—although contrary to all the codes of honour, written and unwritten—I read it to the end. Roughly translated, it ran thus: 'Barbier, thou hast been busy with many things in thy time; but Professor is a new trade. So the Demoiselle is charming. Has she a dowry? Parbleu! thou art luckier than I, who regret the Mediterranean, with all its douleurs, in this cold, misty, selfish England. Send me fifty francs, or I must make a voyage to embrace thee *personnellement*. Address—JEAN BATAILLE, this time. I fear Pierre Robinet is already translated *Peau-rouge*. Despatch the'—

With this it ended. The fragment was obscure, and I could only guess that De Montgris might be an *alias*. But surely Dr Walters, the greatest stickler for propriety in the scholastic world, must have had the most perfect evidence of his French Professor's respectability. In my own case, he had required the most unexceptionable proofs of high conduct and attainments.

I was deeply prejudiced against De Montgris, and that doubtless made me wish that my evil opinion of him might be justified. I copied the missive in my room; and having made myself presentable to my class, I dropped it where I had found it, before entering the school-room.

My adversary was seated in his usual place when I went in, and appeared to be busily writing. He spoke shortly to the boys as they came in by twos and threes. They looked at each other, astonished at his taciturnity. They were more surprised some time afterwards when our youngest pupil, Charlie Simpson, came in saying: 'Monsieur De Montgris, is this piece of a letter yours?' The Frenchman looked up hastily; while Charlie continued: 'I found it in the garden just now. It is in French.'

'Have you read it, imbecile?' thundered De Montgris, snatching it brutally from the child.

'No, Monsieur,' answered he, half-frightened, half-indignant.

'So much the better—for you!'

Murmurs went round the room. What had happened to the gay Professor?

I watched him with lynx eyes. He was evidently alarmed lest any one had seen the letter. He became aware of my observation; threw a savage glance at me, then turned aside to his writing again.

For several days he was so quiet and reserved that everybody was bewildered; and it was generally agreed, either that he had received bad news from France, or that he was ill.

In the meantime I wrote to a friend, a young medical student at Paris, asking him to go to the Prefecture of Police there, and show them the copy I had taken of the letter. I also told him fully what had happened between De Montgris and myself. I may mention here that I had spent a year in Paris before joining Dr Walters; during which time my friend had shared apartments with me, and I had the most implicit confidence in his discretion. If De Montgris were an honest man, I would not have injured him by sinister inquiries for the world. I disliked him much, but in a straightforward fashion.

Weeks passed away; but, to my astonishment and no little annoyance, no reply came from my friend in Paris to my letter. My antagonist, in the meantime, had neither called me out, nor made any attempt to pistol me unawares. He began to assume his old ways with the boys, and soon became their delight again. He was respectful but sternly distant towards me. In compliance with the wish of Dr Walters, he gave Emily a lesson in French conversation every evening, Mrs Elphinstone being present. I could hear merry laughter proceeding from the drawing-room at such times, and it jarred upon me like a horrible discord. But my greatest pain was to see Emily walking round the garden with him in the summer eve. This was during the absence of Dr Walters in London, whither he had gone on literary business.

About this time, De Montgris came one day to my room, and begged a moment's conversation. I pointed silently to a chair; but he waved his hand, saying: 'I come to beg your forgiveness, Mr Bevan. I have treated you in a most unmannerly way. I made a most stupid mistake in supposing you a bumptious blockhead. I thought, too, you despised me for being a foreigner, and were trying to render me contemptible in the eyes of a lady. I find you to be a man of spirit and learning. I humbly crave your pardon. You will not refuse the *amende honorable*?'

I took his proffered hand, uttered a few commonplace phrases, and the interview terminated. The reconciliation was as hollow as the candour of diplomatists speaking 'peace' while their masters are adding to their forces by land and sea. There is no possible hypocrisy for the hate which is based upon the fundamental antagonisms of human nature. I could see that De Montgris was only stooping to conquer me by hidden craft instead of open violence. While speaking, his eye glittered snakishly, and his teeth gleamed with hoarded hatred.

The truce thus negotiated, I began once more to wake my violin to its wonted ecstasies, but

always in my own room. Emily rarely touched the piano, and I never saw her alone. Either she avoided me purposely, or her uncle had the wish to keep us separate. From an inexplicable change in his manner, I thought this must be the cause. The old gentleman was as kind to me as ever in school concerns; but he began to treat me distinctly as a subordinate. I was very unhappy at times, and thought that Emily, when our eyes met, also seemed unhappy. At table, she was always friendly and courteous, and I still sat in my usual place beside her. De Montgris, however, effectually prevented any conversation, by a continuous chatter, chiefly in French. Gradually, I found myself isolated and a stranger where I had been almost as in a loved home. The overmastering personality of the Frenchman detached all my friends, and left me only the gloomy companionship of my thoughts.

One morning, a few weeks before the summer holidays, Dr Walters sent for me to see him in his study. He shook me warmly by the hand, and began to compliment me upon the progress of the boys under my instruction. Then he stopped, and looked at me in a somewhat embarrassed manner. I looked at him, surprised at his unusual behaviour. At last he said: 'Mr Bevan, you are worthy of a superior position to that you occupy here; and it is my wish to promote your interests.'

I bowed.

'The fact is,' he continued, 'I have recommended you to my friend Sir Harry Wilford, as admirably qualified to superintend the education of his only son.'

'Then, I take it, you wish me to vacate my post here, Dr Walters?' I trembled with excitement.

'In your own interests, Mr Bevan,' answered the Doctor with something of his habitual pomposity.

'When do you wish me to retire, sir?'

'At midsummer, Mr Bevan.'

'Very good, Dr Walters.'

'I suppose you would like an introduction to Sir Harry Wilford without delay?'

'No, Doctor.'

'Why?'

'Because I cannot accept such an appointment. I have a stiff examination to prepare for, and I shall spend at least three months at my father's house in London after leaving you.'

The Doctor grew red, and something like a frown passed over his brow. Like all patronising men, he was irritated by an offer of service refused.

I cut the interview short, and returned to my duties.

### ODD NOOKS OF LONDON.

How few of us, as we thread our way through the bustling throngs of London, know anything of the relics of old City life which lie so close to us! The builder and the improver are gradually sweeping them away, and before they quite disappear, let us explore them for an hour or two.

Not a hundred yards from the very centre of

our commercial whirl and hurry, still stands one of the old London coffee-houses. Cornhill rattles and groans within a few paces of its entrance, yet it is as quiet as a village inn at mid-day in summer-time. We enter through the pilastered, quaintly carved portico, and find ourselves in what might be mistaken for a good-sized meeting-house, were it not for the sanded floor and the unmistakable odour of beefsteaks grilling. There is not the smallest attempt at glitter or decoration about this little, out-of-the-way eating-den. High, stiff-backed divisions, with tables between them, occupy most of the space; a passage for the waiters, and a fireplace fitted with a gridiron capacious enough for any Saint Lawrence, fill up the remainder. Round the room runs a high wainscot, black with age, and polished with the contact of a century and a half of coats. Up in a corner is a parish boundary-stone, bearing the date 1730; and over the fireplace is a yellow, scarcely visible portrait of Addison. This is one of the last remaining old City coffee-houses, altered slightly to meet modern requirements, but retaining most of its original characteristics. One of the first proprietors made his fortune here during the South Sea Bubble agitation, and his descendants still carry on the business.

There are few capitals in the world where so many churches are crowded together as in London, and more especially in the City. We are told that eighty-nine were destroyed by the great fire of 1666; but as these were all rebuilt, their number added to the list of churches which were spared, would bring the total up to not far short of a hundred. Most of these are now sadly shorn of their ancient glory and importance. The London 'Cit' no longer lives over his counting-house or shop; he retires to his villa in the suburbs, and has gone so far afield, that the London suburbs may be said to extend ten miles in every direction. By eight o'clock at night the great City is a solitude, abandoned to policemen and housekeepers; but the City churches still remain, with their clergy and their officials and their fat revenues, just as in the days when the City was inhabited.

Let us suppose it to be Sunday morning, and visit one of these old City churches. The clang of bells from a hundred towers breaks the stillness of the air; but the streets are as free from traffic as those of Herculaneum; every window is shuttered and every door padlocked. The great door of our church is thrown wide open, as if to admit a large congregation. We let a file of neatly dressed charity-children clatter in, and then we enter. A magnificent beadle, gold-laced and silk-stockinged, ushers us into a pew—not one of your modern, third-class railway-carriage style of pews, but a good old-fashioned, high-walled, soft-cushioned box, with cosy red curtains round it, and a book-box in the corner as big as an overland trunk. It is a vast and beautiful church. In the gallery, upon which are emblazoned the Royal Arms, is a magnificent organ, profusely decorated in the Georgian style with huge masses of flowers and gilt cherubs;

the windows are filled with rare old stained-glass, through which the mellow sunlight falls on the sculptured forms of recumbent aldermen, clad in the doublet and hose of the sixteenth century.

Memorials of the old fellows deck the walls on all sides; and the thought which naturally presents itself to the mind, upon perusal of the numberless extravagant epitaphs and high-flown eulogies, is to the effect that those old days must have been really 'good.' Just over our heads is a tablet resplendent with armorial bearings, torches, and weeping children, 'Sacred' to the Memory of one THOMAS HOLLIBONE, 'long time Skinner and Alderman of this ward'; followed by a score of lines which place every conceivable virtue to the credit of the deceased Alderman's account. The fame of Thomas Hollibone has not come down to us; but reading the tablet by the light of the time, we can picture him as a sturdy-limbed, jovial-faced old fellow, free from anxiety and care beyond those inseparable from the skinner business, regular in his attendance at this church—perhaps in this pew—a profuse benefactor of the local charities, and the proud possessor of a buxom wife and half-a-dozen chubby children. John Gilpin we always accept as a typical London 'Cit,' and just such another as John Gilpin we can imagine Thomas Hollibone to have been.

But it is saddening to compare the London churches as they are with what they have been. In all these great buildings—St Michael's upon Cornhill and St Botolph's at Bishopsgate excepted—on a Sunday morning there are probably not a thousand people. Look around. In the gallery are twenty-five charity boys and girls with pink faces and pink bows. Here and there is an old man or an old woman, and no more. Yet, there are a clergyman, a curate, a large beadle, a clerk, and two pew-openers. Once a year the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs come here in state to listen to a sermon which was ordained to be preached here by the will of some old Elizabethan worthy. Upon this occasion there is a bit of a bustle; and perhaps a couple of hundred idlers come in to gaze at the gold lace and the white wigs and the great staves tipped with burnished brass; but on the remaining fifty-one Sundays, the congregation is made up as we see it now.

The service is a very short one—prayers, the Litany, a couple of hymns, and a ten minutes' discourse from the uppermost of the three 'decks,' as the clerk's box, reading-desk, and pulpit are irreverently termed. The reverend gentleman seems to preach at us—possibly from our evidently being strangers in the church; and this idea alone prevents us from yielding to a very strong inclination to sleep, an inclination fostered no doubt by the soft cushions, the subdued light, and the gentle drone of the preacher's voice. The large beadle is asleep in one cosy pew, the two pew-openers in another, and the charity children are fidgeting dreadfully with their thick boots overhead.

After the service, we 'assist' at the presentation to twenty-four old men and women—who have not been to church, but who have been waiting outside for the last ten minutes—of twenty-four loaves of bread and twenty-four shillings—a

loaf and a shilling to each—in accordance with the will of another old parochial benefactor long since deceased. We linger awhile amidst the interesting old tombs and effigies, until the beadle, who looks hungry, fidgets us out of the church into the clear sunny air outside.

There still exist here and there one or two of the genuine old City Inns. The *Old Bell* in Holborn is one of the best known specimens; the *Green Dragon* in Bishopsgate Street, still larger and still more perfect, was only pulled down a year or two back. But, to our mind, those which bear the most genuine stamp, the most unchanged, are in the Borough. This now unsavoury part of the capital has been from time immemorial famous for its inns. In the old days of coaching and posting, and in the still remoter period of pack-horses and foot-pilgrimages, every other house was a hostelry.

But three now remain; and two of these will ere long save the workman trouble, by tumbling down of their own accord, unless still further bolstered and patched up. It is historic ground here in the Borough, although the squalor, the filth, the smells, and the noise, are sufficient to repel any one but the most ardent searcher after Old London mosaics. As it has always stood on the great main road to the Kentish sea-coast, it is not surprising that memories of almost all our sovereigns, and of a very long roll of names eminent in history, are cherished by such of the inhabitants as in these degenerate days care to cherish memories of the days of old. In the bar of the old *Bricklayers' Arms* there hung a framed and glazed parchment, upon which were inscribed the names of all the great folk who had rested under the roof, from King Henry II. to the late Emperor Napoleon, including most of our great naval heroes, many of our greatest military commanders, and innumerable statesmen, ministers, judges, and authors. The old inn was demolished some time ago; and upon its site has arisen a gaudy gin-palace of the most approved modern type, somewhat similar to that which has supplanted the world-famed *Tabard*.

Hard by the modern *Tabard* is the *George* Inn. The casual passer-by might well fail to notice the old place; for the entry to it is down a dark cavernous passage, generally blocked up by a huge railway van. As we stand in the old courtyard, our fancy naturally takes us back to the past. From the *George* the Kent coaches started, and from the *George* to this day the Kent carriers run. With the burly farmers and hop-growers, the old inn was always a favourite; and the landlord says with pardonable pride, that during the season of the hop-sales, there are still customers who come simply because their fathers and forefathers had always patronised the inn. The sparrows hop about undisturbed in the great stables and coachhouses; the old galleries still run round three sides of the courtyard; but the rooms opening out upon them are silent and deserted. We can still, however, get a glass of excellent ale at the quaint, little, many-windowed, many-cornered bar, upon the shelves of which are bowls of fine old china and glass of quaint design; for which, the landlord says, he has been offered fabulous sums by virtuosi and dealers in bric-à-brac.

Scattered about the City of London, and,



strangely enough, in the most central parts of business bustle and hurry, are yet to be seen some of the residences of the old merchant-princes—converted into offices, it is true, but still retaining the melancholy air of departed grandeur. One in particular in St Mary Axe, hard by the celebrated church of St Andrew Undershaff, has always been a favourite of ours. It stands now alone amidst a mushroom colony of brand-new, stone-faced, marble-pillared edifices, and although externally there is little remarkable about it save its air of staid solidity, it is well worth a visit. Our ancestors liked a good entrance-hall to their houses, and in this old St Mary Axe mansion is a hall as big as many a modern drawing-room. The old leathern boxes in which slumbered the portly footmen, stood until quite recently, one upon each side of the fireplace; but a Hebrew dealer from Houndsditch bought them up, together with the old cupboard clock which used to stand at an angle of the stairs. A splendid staircase of real English oak, flanked by curiously twisted and carved banisters, leads from the hall to the first floor. It is none of your narrow, cramped, sharp-cornered, low-ceilinged staircases, but a good, broad, low-stepped, welcome-speaking flight—giving plenty of room for Mrs Alderman's furbelows, and ample space for two jovial fellows to reel up arm-in-arm after their third bottle in the dining-room.

They built with real ideas of space, air, and light, in those days, as we may see by the first-floor rooms, now cut up each one into two or three offices. There are deep seats in the windows; the mantel-pieces are carved into festoons of flowers and Cupids' heads; the paneling mounts half-way to the ceiling; the ceiling itself still retaining traces of mythological paintings. A back-door leads out into what once was doubtless a pleasant little garden, but which is now the playground for the housekeeper's children, the dust-bin of the establishment, and a favourite rendezvous for the cats of the neighbourhood. A plane-tree still flourishes amidst the grime and smoke; and we can picture the old proprietor sitting out here at evening, armed with his pipe of Virginia, and chattering to his spouse concerning the day's gains and plans for future enterprise. A firm of solicitors occupy Madam's bedchamber; and the housekeeper's family swarm about the innumerable garrets and closets up-stairs.

Close by the swarming, evil-odoured thoroughfare of Shoreditch, is an old City square. Once it was a favourite square, even an aristocratic square; now a deserted cluster of old houses, looking upon an expanse of grass-grown stones. The boys of the neighbourhood play cricket here on summer evenings, and Shoreditch sweethearts bill and coo here sometimes; but the sound of wheels rarely wakes its echoes; the policeman hardly condescends to include it in his beat; and the postman scarcely knows it by name. There is a tree at each corner—sad, funereal-looking objects, with black, drooping branches and withered trunks in winter-time; but in summer, casting quite a refreshing light over the square with their fresh green leaves. We wonder that so large a space has escaped the builder's maw; but are told that the whole square is in Chancery. And when we come to examine the sturdy old

houses with their carved portals, and their railings adorned with link-extinguishers and twisted ornament, we see Chancery very plainly written in the broken panes of glass, the dusky shutters, and the entire absence of life. We may pace the square for an hour and not see a solitary human being, nor hear a sound save the twittering of the sparrows and the seemingly distant hum of the streets. They tell of a murder committed in one of the corner-houses not many years since; and looking at it, we can quite believe that it would be long ere the shrieks of a victim could attract the attention of the outer world.

On exploring a fresh corner of the square, we come upon a brass plate with 'Wirgman, Beadle,' inscribed upon it. Wirgman, beadle, is smoking a clay-pipe, sadly we think, at the door. He quite starts as we address him. 'Yes,' he says in reply; 'it is a goodish time since any one worth mentionin' lived here. I live here, as the parochial beadle has always done since the nob's left the square; and I'm alone here, I am.—What about the murder?—Why, that was a matter of six year ago. Costermonger brings a young woman here—lastways over there at number twenty-sivin: nobody didn't interfere with them, 'cos it wasn't nobody's business. They gets a-fightin' over their drink, and Costermonger he ups with a knife he wos cuttin' cheese with, and stabs her. It wosn't found out for two days. He wos swung for it, he wos. Boys do say they sees the young woman's ghost a-walkin' about of a evenin'; but I ain't never seen it, and I don't believe it.—Yes, sir, a deal of fine folk used to live here, I've heerd—swells with long names, and carriages and footmen and sich-like. I've heerd old Parsons the sexton say as how he's seen twenty coaches at once in the square, and fine ladies in silks, no end. That were fifty year ago.—Thank 'ee, sir.'

Pugilism has received its deathblow, yet not far from the old square above described still exists one of the old 'fighting pubs.' It is a low-browed, shamed-faced, little old place, in a narrow bystreet leading off the main thoroughfare of Shoreditch, only to be approached through scenes of such squalor, blackguardism, and misery, that we can hardly believe ourselves to be in the same parish as some of the granite palaces of our City princes. Yet in the days of Europe's First Gentleman, and far even into the reign of our present gracious Majesty, owners of some of the noblest names in the land, men with the bluest blood of England in their veins, nay, even bishops it is said, condescended to alight at the *Brown Jug and Glasses*, and pass an evening in the company of gentlemen whose talk was of hits from the shoulder, rats and gamecocks, and whose personal appearance certainly did not proclaim their connection with the Upper Ten. It is many years since a nobleman came here, and to the present generation of sporting-men the name of the inn is hardly known. The Rag-fair contingent are constant patrons of the Saturday night 'socials;' and the sacred memories of Aaron Jones and Abey Belasco are still silently drunk by gentlemen with prominent noses and much cheap jewellery.

Gradually the nooks of the old City are disappearing. Sometimes they die hard, more often they vanish wholesale. A new city is springing



up, more gorgeous, healthier, wider, and brighter; but it never can possess points of interest so fascinating as those of the old City, with its quaint Coffee-houses, a further description of which we may give in a future paper.

### SOME MORE QUEER DISHES.

REFERRING to former articles on this subject from the pen of Dr A. Stradling (*Chambers's Journal*, Nos. 933, 934), a contributor favours us with the following:

I have felt so much interested in reading Dr A. Stradling's papers, in which he gives us an account of various outlandish articles of food in use in different countries, that I feel tempted on my own account to mention some others which do not appear to have fallen within the range of his experience, but with which some twenty years of wandering in the antipodes has made me familiar.

What about worms, for instance? I do not mean the common earthworm, of whose agricultural efforts Mr Darwin descants in so learned and interesting a way. The earthworm, so far as I am aware, is not used as a staple article of food in any part of the world, but merely as a resource among certain tribes of Indians in time of famine; and is no more to be classed as an ordinary article of diet with them, than leather or canvas soaked in grease is with us; although both these, as well as other curious things, have often been had recourse to by cast-away sailors in the attempt to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The annelid I refer to is a marine species, and is looked upon as a great luxury by all the natives of the South Sea Islands. It lives in the coral reefs, and from the middle of October to the end of November, comes to the surface at sunrise in immense numbers; and great is the commotion and excitement among the people on the first appearance of the little stranger. Its arrival is always heralded by feasts; and during the Balolo or worm-month, all the natives wax fat and lusty on this their favourite article of food. The worm is curiously punctual in its appearance, almost to a day; and the months in which it appears are respectively called the little and big Balolo months. From early dawn on the expected day, scouts are placed on the hills and rocks commanding a view of the reefs; and no sooner does the long-expected shoal appear, than all the wooden drums in the neighbouring villages are sounded, and the entire population, big and little, young and old, sound and lame, rush to the beach; and while the able-bodied ones help to launch the canoes, the remainder set to work to dig and heat the ovens, or to discuss the chances of a good or bad worm season.

Fleets of canoes swarming with people, all armed with nets, at once put off, and scoop up the worms in huge quantities; they are then taken ashore and handed over to the cooks, who, after adding a certain quantity of cocoa-nut milk, specially prepared for the purpose, tie them up in young banana leaves, which have been previously passed over the fire to toughen them; and then bake them for some time in an oven, when they are ready for consumption, and are often sent round as presents to friends, just as game is among ourselves.

The annelid in question is of considerable length, greenish in colour, and has its long narrow body divided into numerous segments, reminding one somewhat of the tape-worm. When alive, it is of anything but a prepossessing appearance; but after being cooked, it more resembles spinach or fine seaweed in flavour than anything else. New-comers generally look upon the worm with horror. When I first went to the South Seas, I for a long while indulged in it under the impression that it was a vegetable of some kind; and when at last I heard of the worms, and made up my mind to taste them, I was much surprised, on being informed by an old 'beachcomber'—greatly to his amusement—that I had been eating them all through the season.

After worms, naturally come grubs, which are eaten in many parts of the world; and I remember once in New Zealand, when on a solitary expedition in the Bush, and finding myself short of food, making a very satisfactory meal out of some dozens of large white grubs that I found in an old kowai stump. I had often previously seen them eaten by the Maoris, and so knew their haunts, and by this means managed to satisfy my hunger to a wonderful extent. These grubs were a couple of inches or so in length, and when broiled on the ashes, were pleasant and well-tasted enough, more like marrow than anything else. But for all that, I was very glad on the second day to knock over an old weka—a kind of large rail—and so return to more orthodox fare.

Dr Stradling mentions white ants, but does not appear to have tasted them; allow me to tell him that they are 'dear little things' when properly fried in their own fat; plump, sweet, and satisfying; but curiously unlike ants in appearance. They are generally much esteemed as food by the natives of most of the countries in which they are found.

Porpoise and whale are also edible. I have tried both, and found porpoise liver excellent, and not to be distinguished from that of a pig. Of the flesh, however, I can hardly speak so highly, as it requires both good cooking and a long abstinence from fresh meat to make it at all palatable. Our ancestors, however, were of a different opinion, as in olden times it was highly esteemed, and we generally find the 'porpus' figuring as a distinguished dish in most of the great banquets of the middle ages. But if the flesh of the porpoise is coarse and indifferent, that of his big cousin the whale is still more so; and the only time I tasted it, I found the meat exceedingly coarse and tough, as well as permeated with a nauseous taste and smell of train-oil. The tongue, however, is said to be much better; but it never came under my observation. Whale's milk is by no means to be despised.

Shark, the full-grown fish, is detestable—tough, and of a terribly rank smell. It is rarely eaten by white men except under pressure of extreme necessity; but the natives of the South Seas view it in a different light, and look upon the monster as a special luxury. Moreover, a New Zealand Maori knows no greater treat than a shark that has been kept until high enough to be unapproachable within twenty yards by any one but a native. But with a young shark of the brown variety the case is different, and I well remember, during a five months' residence at Opara, having

many a good meal of fried cutlets cut from young sharks about four feet long; and at last we came to look upon it as the best fish there. In taste and appearance, it reminded one more of sturgeon than anything else. It likewise resembled the latter fish in having gristle instead of bones; and was much superior both in firmness and flavour to the British dog-fish, which I afterwards tried.

Locusts come in merely for a passing word from Dr Stradling, and he does not mention the right way to cook them. In the tropics there are several kinds of locusts; one in particular, a large green fellow that lives in trees. My native boy, I remember, put me up to the dodge of preparing them, which consists in first abstracting a certain black substance from the inside, said to be poison, removing the legs and wings, and then roasting the locust on the ashes, when they are not to be distinguished from prawns so treated; in fact he called them 'tree-prawns,' and assured me that in his country—the Solomon Islands—they were greatly sought after and much esteemed.

On many of the South Sea Islands there also exists a species of crab or lobster of most uncanny aspect, but delicious eating, and being both scarce and difficult to procure, is proportionably esteemed by the whites as well as by the natives. I refer to the *Burgul latro*, or robber-crab as he is called by the naturalists. He lives in a burrow of his own making, at the foot of a tree or among rocks, and daintily lines his dwelling with an immense quantity of fine cocoa-nut fibre, which he prepares himself from the husk. So well is this latter habit of his known, that any native in want of fibre for canoe calking, or what not, at once repairs to a crab burrow to procure it, and rarely fails in his object so long as he is able to get to the bottom of the burrow—which is not always the case, however, as the animal is generally astute enough to choose ground well intersected with large roots and rocks.

It is a very singular animal to look at, and more resembles the hermit crab out of his shell than any other of the species, having, like the hermit, an exceedingly tender and vulnerable abdomen, gathered up like a bag underneath him, and of which he is always uncommonly careful. He is armed with a formidable pair of pincers, of immense size and strength, by the aid of which he can carry off a cocoa-nut, husk it, and then break up the shell with the greatest ease. To any one who has noticed the great weight and size, and the extreme toughness and compactness of the cocoa-nut husk, it must be a matter of amazement that a creature so apparently insignificant as this crab should be thus able to tear open these husks with ease, and still more to crack the nut afterwards. He manages the latter operation by commencing at the soft hole—the one out of which the young tree finally issues, and out of which we are accustomed to drink the juice—into this he manages to insert the point of his pincers, and working on this, is enabled to break the nut to pieces.

In flavour they are, as would be expected from the nature of their food, very much richer and more delicate than our lobster, which has to content himself with more homely fare; and those I was able to procure were either split open

and fried in their own fat, or else baked in a native oven; which latter expedient generally answered best. I once heard of a native who, having found a very large burrow, incautiously put in his hand to pull out the occupant, when the wary crab caught him by the wrist in his terrible pincers, and in spite of his frantic efforts to get free, held him there for a whole day, until at last his friends, attracted by his cries, came to his rescue, and effected his liberation by digging down on to the crab, and attacking his abdomen with a pointed stick, when he at once let go his hold of his captive, who never afterwards fully recovered the use of the hand.

The *Holothuria*, *Bêche de Mer*, or sea-slug, so much esteemed by the Chinese, is often met with in the South Pacific; and having always heard it very highly spoken of as a costly and delicious morsel, I had long looked forward with considerable curiosity to the chance of tasting it. In this, however, I was disappointed; for our cook, not being a Chinaman, did not understand how to manage it, nor did he at all fancy the look of the huge black slug I presented him with; and I only succeeded in inducing him to admit it within the sacred precincts of the ship's galley by lavish praises of its delicious qualities. The result of his operations on the creature was, however, a complete failure so far as soup was concerned, as after nearly twenty-four hours' boiling, the slug came out of the copper rather larger than when he went in, leaving behind him the most detestable compound in the way of soup I have ever tasted, being of an intensely bitter, disagreeable flavour, and not more to my liking than is the famous bird's-nest soup so much affected by the Chinese.

## STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

### FORETHOUGHT.

To make provision for the future is deemed one of the highest results of reasoning, and yet few human beings are so provident as are many members of the animal world. With domestic animals the power of taking thought for the morrow is frequently lost or deadened, from the fact that they have no need or liberty to forage for themselves; when, therefore, they do display any particular sense of forethought, it is considered the more noteworthy, and is the more likely to be recorded than if it were customary. By forethought is meant the results of self-reflection, as distinguished from that inherited impulse to provide for emergencies which is styled 'instinct.' Instinct teaches the bee to build its cell with geometrical exactitude, and probably impels the ant to bite off the germinating ends of the grains of corn it stores away for future use; but the anecdotes it is now proposed to cite appear to record actions of quite a different character—of a personal and specific, instead of an habitual and general nature.

Many of the lower animals, both individually and collectively, manifest remarkable forethought. Mr Jesse, to whom all lovers of natural history are deeply indebted, relates among other similar instances of reasoning amongst bees, the following: A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, wherein the operations of the inhabitants could be seen. The bees killed the slug, but

being unable to get it out of the hive, covered it with a thick resinous substance called propolis, which they use for stopping holes and crevices in their hives, and so prevented it becoming a nuisance. On another occasion, this far-seeing settlement was invaded by a snail; but as this had a covering already, they satisfied their sanitary requirements by fixing a plastering of propolis round the edge of the shell. A regular fortification of this same useful substance, which these bees had built about the entrance of their hive the better to protect it from the attacks of wasps, was carefully preserved by Mr Jesse. By means of this defence a small number of bees could effectually guard the entrance. A still more remarkable instance of the reasoning power of the bee is recorded by Dr Brown in his book on that insect. Overburdened with honey, a centre comb in the hive had parted from its fastenings, and so pressed against another comb as to prevent the passage of the bees between them. This accident created great excitement for a time; but a remedy was soon devised for the public good. The ingenious little people constructed two horizontal beams between the two combs, and removed a sufficient quantity of the honey and wax above them to admit the passage of a bee, while the detached comb was secured by another beam, and fastened to the window by spare wax. When the comb was thus secured, they removed the horizontal beams first constructed, as being no longer necessary. Ten days were spent over this work, the conception and execution of which might have been worthy of any human engineer.

Another of Nature's little people noted for sagacity is the spider, and in the following story, related by the Rev. J. G. Wood, a truly marvellous proof of its talent is given. A friend of his, he informs us, was wont to shelter a number of spiders under a large veranda. One day the wind beat so furiously that, though protected by the veranda, the spiders suffered terribly, and in one case, some of the 'guy-ropes,' as sailors would call them, were broken, and the web flapped about like a loose sail in a storm. Instead of making new guy-ropes, the owner of the web lowered itself to the ground by a thread, and crawled about until it found some fragments of decayed wood. It then fastened its line to one of these fragments, reascended, and hauled the bit of wood after it to the height of nearly five feet, suspending it by a strong line to its web. 'The effect,' says our authority, 'was wonderful; for the weight of the wood was sufficient to keep the net tolerably tight, while it was light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further breakages. The wooden weight was just two inches and a half in length, and about the diameter of a goose-quill. On the following day, a careless servant touched it with her head and knocked it down; but in a few hours the spider had found and replaced it. After the stormy weather had ceased, the spider mended the web, cut the rope, and let the wooden weight fall to the ground.'

In his *Recollections*, the late Grantley Berkeley gives an interesting account of the sagacity of a beetle he observed near Bournemouth. This beetle was carrying home a dead spider to replenish its larder; though the curious adventures it underwent on its journey, even during the short

interval it was watched by the narrator, are too lengthy for reproduction here. Suffice it to say that carrying its burden some distance, it set it down on the path. 'On my hands and knees,' said Mr Berkeley, 'I followed him, and saw him quit the sandy path and climb up to the top of several sprigs of heather. From the last of them he quickly descended, and retraced his steps direct to where he had left the quarry, again possessed himself of it, and bore it to the foot of the sprig up which I had just observed him climb. He climbed to the top, and deposited the dead game in the fibres. This done, he again descended, and I saw him go off among the roots of the heather, as if in search of more game. By kneeling down and giving a very minute inspection to these several sprigs of heather, I discovered that the only one that could have held the spider had been selected. The beetle, in short, had hung up his dead game in the most artistic manner; and in order to test the soundness of his judgment, I waved the twig of heather to and fro as violently as any breeze of wind could have done, yet the spider remained unshaken.'

Few members of the animal world are so interesting as birds, and of few are such characteristic tales of prudential reasoning related. The general habits of many of our feathered friends are indeed suggestive of forethought; for instance, the rook, which, like some few other birds, retains a predilection for its old nest, revisits it at intervals during the autumn to repair it and strengthen it against the future season. Although each bird in building its nest follows the fashion which its parents pursued before it, and which its ancestors from time immemorial have adhered to, unexpected accidents frequently compel it to add to or alter some portion of the original design in a way that mere hereditary instinct could not have provided for. In her charming *Anecdotes of Birds*, Mrs Lee supplies a characteristic instance of the clever way in which a pair of goldfinches foresaw and provided against an emergency. The little couple had built their nest on the small branch of an olive tree, and after hatching their brood, found that their family dwelling was growing too heavy for the bough whereon it rested. They were watched, and seen to fasten the bending branch to a higher and stronger one with a piece of string they had somewhere obtained! By this contrivance their little home was completely secured.

Many instances of prudence exhibited by all kinds of birds are known, particularly during the process of incubation, when they appear to reason with more than ordinary intelligence. Mr Yarrell, who records the following typical tale, says the heroine was a swan of about nineteen years old, that had brought up many broods, and was therefore a bird of great experience. This interesting matron, at the period referred to, had four or five eggs in charge. She was observed to be very busy collecting weeds and grasses to raise her nest, and did not scruple to help herself from a quantity of haulm that was deposited near her abode. She laboured most industriously, and during the day contrived to raise her nest and the eggs in it two feet and a half! That very night there was a tremendous downpour of rain,

which flooded all the malt-shops and did great damage. The bird's prescience saved her eggs, which were just above the water; she made her preparations in time; but her human neighbours did not, and suffered accordingly.

Ravens are provident of themselves as well as of their young; and Mr W. Thompson, in his *Natural History of Ireland*, mentions some representative cases. In one instance, one of these crafty birds was wont to resort to the bird-traps the boys had set, and when he saw a little bird caught, tried to purloin it by turning up the trap. But the bird always escaped, the raven not being able to let the trap go in time to catch the prey. After several futile attempts, the raven, seeing a bird caught, hurried off to another raven and induced it to accompany him to the trap to turn it up; and as it lifted it, the other bore the poor captive off in triumph. Of another of these birds, Mr Thompson relates that when it had eaten its fill, it would hide the remainder of its food under loose stones close to a shed; and that he and other boys had repeatedly seen it, when hungry, go straight to the place where it had concealed its first morsel and eat it, and so on to the last stone in rotation.

Rats are very provident, both for their own benefit and the community's. Eggs, which they have been known to carry from the garret to the cellar, and other tempting foods, instead of being devoured instantly, are stored away for the hour of need. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* cites a noteworthy instance of the far-seeing sagacity of rats. A gentleman who fed his own pointers, noticed through a hole in the door that a number of rats ate from the trough with his dogs, which did not attempt to molest them. He resolved to shoot the intruders, so when next he served out the food, he kept the dogs away. Not a rat came to taste, although he could occasionally see them peering out of their holes, for 'they were too well versed in human nature to venture forth without the protection of their canine guard.' When the dogs were let in, the rats joined them, and fed with them as usual. The forethought of rats is indeed proverbial; and so far from being careless or selfish, these interesting little folks are proved to be dutiful children, careful parents, and friends in need.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog-miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast-roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-halfpenny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not

forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterwards for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place of concealment.

Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food, are quite numerous; but the following incident, which was communicated to the *Bristol Mercury*, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled, even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend observing the man make two marks with the chalk instead of one, seized another piece of meat, and despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.

But instances of forethought in dogs are so numerous, and everybody is so well aware of it, that there is no need to furnish further instances. Nor is it necessary to cite any of the many well-known anecdotes of the exhibition of this desirable quality in elephants and other of the higher animals; what has already been said being quite sufficient to prove our proposition, that forethought as the result of reason, and not merely as the result of hereditary instinct, is manifested by many members of the animal world.

#### A LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child! The shadows fall;  
Silent darkness reigns o'er all;  
Bird and bloom are lost to sight  
In the folded arms of Night;  
Stars will soon from cloud-towers peep,  
While all Nature lies asleep.

Breathe thou softly! Rest is sweet  
For tired hearts and aching feet;  
No dull care nor toil is thine—  
Nor sin, thou blessed child of mine;  
Tranquil on thy soft couch rest,  
With dreams of Heaven in thy breast.

Buds are sleeping; close thine eyes;  
Waken with a soft surprise;  
Greet the morning with thy smile,  
And sweet prattle without guile.  
Scents lie sleeping in the flowers;  
Slumber till the daylight hours.

Sleep! Thy Father guards thy rest;  
Lay thy head upon His breast;  
Safer than these arms which hold thee,  
His dear love will firm enfold thee;  
Higher love than mine shall He  
Give, beloved one, to thee!

Sleep! The waves have long been sleeping;  
Angels o'er thee watch are keeping;  
O'er us both the pale stars shine  
With a radiance half divine.  
Slumber, innocent and light,  
Fall from Heaven on thee to-night.

J. H.

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